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ENGLISH PADLOCK.

MISS *Danae*, when Fair and Young,
 (As *Horace* has Divinely sung)
 Could not be kept from *Jove's* Embrace
 By Doors of Steel, and Walls of Brass.
 The Reason of the Thing is clear,
 (Would *Jove* the naked Truth aver)
Cupid was with him of the Party,
 And acted vigorous and hearty.
 For, give that Whipster but his Errand,
 He takes my Lord Chief Justice' Warrant,
 Dauntless as Death away he walks,
 Breaks the Doors open, snaps the Locks,
 Searches the Parlour, Chamber, Study,
 Nor stops 'till he has *Culprit's* Body.

Since this has been Authentick Truth,
 By Age deliver'd down to Youth,
 Tell us, mistaken Husband, tell us,
 Why so Mysterious, why so Jealous?
 Does the Restraint, the Bolt, the Bar,
 Make us less Curious, her less Fair?
 The Spy, who does this Treasure keep,
 Does she ne'er say her Pray'rs, nor Sleep?
 Does she to no Excess incline?
 Does she fly Musick, Mirth and Wine?
 Or have not Gold and Flatt'ry Pow'r
 To purchase One unguarded Hour?

Your Care does further yet extend,
 That Spy is guarded by your Friend.—
 But has that Friend, nor Eye, nor Heart?
 May he not feel the cruel Dart
 Which, soon or late, all Mortals feel?
 May he not, with too tender Zeal,
 Give the Fair Pris'ner Cause to see
 How much he wishes she were free?
 May he not craftily infer
 The Rules of Friendship too severe,

Which

Which chain him to a hated Trust,
 Which make him Wretched, to be Just?
 And may not She, this Darling She,
 Youthful and healthy, Flesh and Blood,
 Easie with him, ill us'd by thee,
 Allow this Logic to be good.

Sir, Will your Questions never end?
 I trust to neither Spy nor Friend.
 In short, I keep her from the Sight
 Of ev'ry Human Face.——— She'll write.———
 From Pen and Paper She's debarr'd.———
 Has She a Bodkin and a Card?
 She'll prick her Mind:——— She will, you say;
 But how shall She that Mind convey?
 I lock her fast, I keep the Key.———
 The Key-hool, Fool, take That away.

Dear angry Friend, what must be done?
 Is there no Way?——— There is but one.
 Send her abroad, and let her see
 That all this mingled Mass, which she
 Being forbidden longs to know,
 Is a dull Farce, an empty Show,
 Powder, and Pocket-Glass, and Beau;
 A Staple of Romance and Lies,
 False Tears, and real Perjuries;
 Where Sighs and Looks are bought and sold,
 And Love is made but to be told;
 Where the fat Bawd and lavish Heir
 The Spoils of ruin'd Beauty share,
 And Youth seduc'd from Friends and Fame
 Must give up Age to Want and Shame.
 Let her behold the Frantick Scene,
 The Women wretched, false the Men:
 And when, these certain Ills to shun,
 She would to thy Embraces run;
 Receive her with extended Arms,
 Seem more delighted with her Charms;
 Wait on her to the Park and Play,
 Put on good Humour, make her gay;
 Be to her Virtues very kind,
 Be to her Faults a little blind;
 Let all her Ways be unconfin'd,
 And clap your PADLOCK on her Mind.

F I N I S.

ASHLEY

ROBINSON

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